

ISSUE NUMBER TWO

H O O D W I N K

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November 1989


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See second-to-last page for subscription info.



NISCHKE

k t w o



New Special Question: Who's the Enemy?
Best answer gets the Special Prize and an interview in my next issue. Write in with any suggestions. Denise got the last one, but she just told me the answer, so her and whatever lucky stiff wins this time will appear in "3."

Artwork by Andy Harrison.

THE WORD: EDITORIAL MARY/G.S.P: SOUTH FL. SCENE...

Dave has graciously allowed me this space as an open forum for my (and others') opinions and I want to thank him for the opportunity to express my feelings. It was difficult for me to decide what to write about- I didn't want to get too intense in this first column so I decided to write about our So. Florida scene-(Huh?! Do we have a scene here?!- Yeah!!! we do, idiot!!).

I sometimes wonder if the kids here realize how many talented and dedicated people we have in our scene.-Guess it's a little difficult to visualize some of your peers having any real talent or being able to stick it out and make something worthwhile happen. To some of you it's just a joke- or just a phase. I hate to tell you- to many of our kids it's not just a phase- it's a dream- a commitment to something they feel very strongly about. And that's how it works! That's how it happened in New York, California, D.C. and everywhere else that has a "real scene." (I guess that's as opposed to a "fake scene"-which we also have here-but that's for another column- those who slag the scene but don't do anything positive to help it). Well, we have an abundance of kids who have the dedication to the music and the lifestyle to make Florida an important part of the music network. And I know that the kids who are involved with or in the bands are not only our talent, but also the major support of our scene.

I'd like to mention a few bands-and they are in no particular order- who continue to work hard for a better So. Florida scene: FWA, QUIT, POWERHOUSE, BEYOND REASON, THE BELIEVERS, THE ROIDZ. and STAND ASIDE From a little

farther north we have NO FRAUD, PEOPLE'S COURT, SLAP OF REALITY, AWAKE, and GENITORTURERS. (If I have left any of your favorite local bands out, it is not an intentional oversight. I've simply listed bands I have personally worked with, who at this moment are still together, who play shows for peanuts just to get their music and message out and who try to support everything that goes on in So. Florida). There are also some older bands of other genres that deserve a lot of credit for sticking things out despite the tough road and, often-times, lack of support. Let's look at some of the bands I have mentioned . . .

FWA-(what the FWA does that stand for?) Jesse FWA has been supporting the hardcore scene since some of you were still in grade school and the only music you knew was what you heard on Sesame Street. He's been down many times but still hasn't given up on the scene. There's hardly a show you won't find Evan at. They also hold local shows in their practice warehouse, which they share with another local band- CULTURAL BRAIN ROT, to help support other local bands. This band has gone through several guitar changes and now have what I think is a very strong line-up, with Eric on bass and Ray on guitar. If you haven't seen FWA lately, you're missing an opportunity to see them cheap- because someday they're going to break through.

There's something about QUIT that reminds everyone of the DESCENDENTS and ALL- They really have a style of their own and the last two times I saw them I was really impressed with their

talent. Yes, they have been influenced by the DESCENDENTS and ALL- but do not sell them short- They are 4 very talented musicians with other influences that can be detected- as well as their own style. I also must say that QUIT is a strong supporter of the scene and they attend almost every show- no matter who is playing.

POWERHOUSE is another extremely talented band from Miami. They had some difficulties in forming, but everything seems to have come together for them. They have raw power and have just recorded for their 7"- I'm very happy for them. Again- Scott, Danny, and Andy don't miss a show (even if they're late!-Andy). They are everywhere and are always pitching in- send out an S.O.S., they'll be there.

BEYOND REASON has formed from members of several other bands. They, too, are found at all shows. For the relatively short time they've been together, I'm impressed. They have the heart and the talent to make it and I wish the next time they play I can pay them.

THE ROIDZ will do anything to find new places for shows and help other bands get gigs. Bootleg Bill is still one of the awesomest guitar players we have. Jeano Roidz and Boomer Roidz are starting a band called DEATH TURD. Tony Roidz is starting a fanzine and I wish him well. They all just continue to support the scene in any way they can. The ROIDZ have recently signed a three year recording contract with NEW ORDER RECORDS and their first LP should be released pretty shortly- They deserve it! I hope it does well.

STAND ASIDE is a relatively new band from West Palm. They have been getting their music together and have recently released a demo. Frank (GQ Skin and 5th Believer) Hamlin is on bass. Frank has

been a loyal supporter of the scene for many years. They recently played their first show with the Roidz at the Market Place Cinema in Hobe Sound.

THE BELIEVERS have all been strong supporters of the scene. Tony, Dain and Ray (isn't he cute) have been to as many shows as anyone. They all have a genuine love of music and the hardcore lifestyle. They have seldom been paid for the shows they've played- they're always willing to play or to pitch in and help. Their demo has been well-received all over the country and I'm very proud of them. I love them and wish them well with the upcoming release of their 7".

I mentioned several Tampa/Orlando (NO!- NO FUCKIN NAZIS!) bands, earlier. They, too, are a part of our scene. They play shows for peanuts- or nothing. They attend shows wherever they can find them- including many trips they've made to Miami. They are just a very supportive group and I want to thank them and let them know we appreciate their support and offer them ours. NO FRAUD (probably the best known Florida band), PEOPLE'S COURT, SLAP OF REALITY, AWAKE, THE GENITORTURERS.

I, also, briefly mentioned some older bands with other musical styles you may want to check out- Amazing Grace, Rugged Edge, Nuclear Valdez, the Goods, Methadone Actors, the Lead, PINK LINCOLNS, HOOSEGOW, VOCIFEROUS MUTES- and others.

CHECK THEM ALL OUT- OPEN YOUR MINDS. SEE WHAT SO. FLORIDA HAS TO OFFER- YOU MAY BE SURPRISED AT WHAT YOU FIND.

I guess I'm saying- PLEASE- support our local music scene. If you don't- and it dies- You have only yourselves to blame- Thanks for listening. -Mary Titus/GSP

for bookings:
407 697 5048

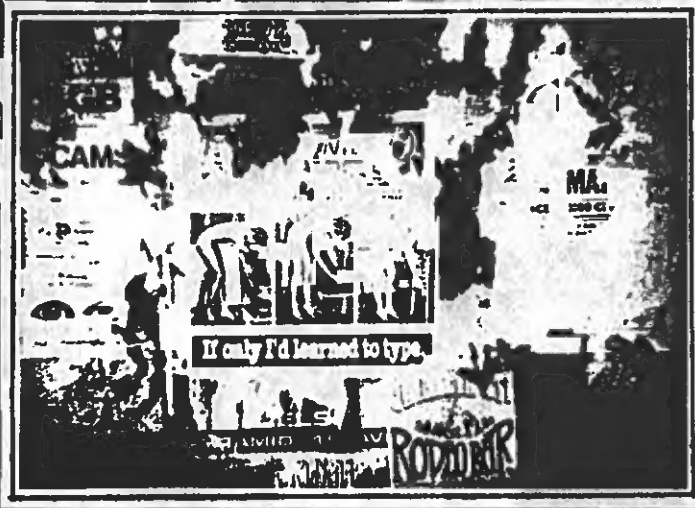
new york



A high-contrast, black and white halftone photograph of a city street at night. The image is tilted, showing a street with white lane markings and a building with a grid of windows on the right. The text 'new york' is printed vertically on the left side.

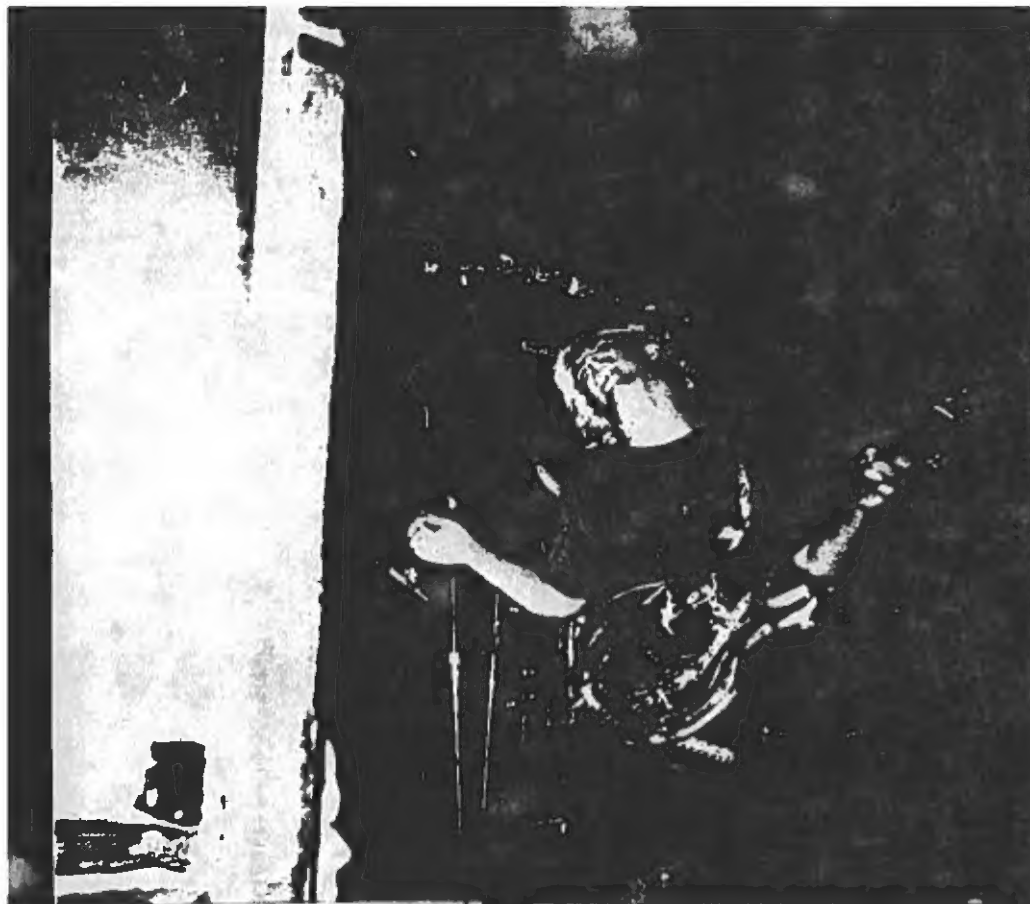


Roof of the World Trade Center at night.





East Village barbed wire (above); with
Grand Central Subway (top left); wall.





Blast at Anthrax,
in Connecticut. —

REASON TO BELIEVE

This interview was done with Jon Bunch, Reason To Believe's singer, through the mail. This Los Angeles-based band has a huge future and is gaining fans quickly with their atypical attitude to hardcore. Read on.

Hoodwink: Who are you, how old are you, and where are all of you from?

Jon Bunch: Reason To Believe as of July 89 are, Chris 21 guitar, Rodney 20 drums, John Stocks bass 21 and Jon Bunch 18 vocals. We are all from Los Angeles.

hw: Do you like it where you live?

jb: California is great when it comes down to out of town bands playing and the weather seems to be nice most of the time. Traffic and smog are major problems. There are a lot of places to play, you just have to hunt for them.

hw: You've said that your music has nothing to do with the members' ethics or personal beliefs, and that Reason To Believe is just about music. Why?

jb: The songs that Reason To Believe plays don't express what people should or shouldn't do and we really do sit down and work on our music instead of just saying okay play this four times and stop and go thrash. Music is the most important thing about the band and we, or I, try to throw in a certain message with

BELIEVE

it Hopefully someone will feel the two together.

hw: What have you guys done in the way of touring and playing shows with different bands?

jb: Reason To Believe did their first tour across the United States in the summer of '89. We've played with the Dickies, SNFU, Soulside, the Goo Goo Dolls,

Fugazi, Pitchfork in LA and San Diego

hw: What are the lyrics to the song "Rollercoaster" about? What was the inspiration for them?

jb: To tell you the truth, that song came together when I was 16 in the 11th grade! It's about ups and downs in life I think. It has to be Reason To Believe's first song

hw: You blew out the soundboard and broke 3 micropophones at the Cameo when you came down here. What do you think of that and what did you think of the show?

jb: All I can say is they don't make sound boards like they used to these days, do they? Sometimes things just start falling apart. I liked the show because we got a chance to play twice and the place. The stage was a bit too big for me. The

barrier was too big, too... I thought I was going to lose my life to the barrier.

hw: What'd you think of the zine I sent you? (Selfish, self-conscious Editor's section, o.k.?)

jb: It's a great zine I tried to do a zine a long time ago and it's not easy. I can appreciate the work and time it takes

hw: Necessary obvious question: None of the band is straight edge, right? What are your opinions on drugs, then?

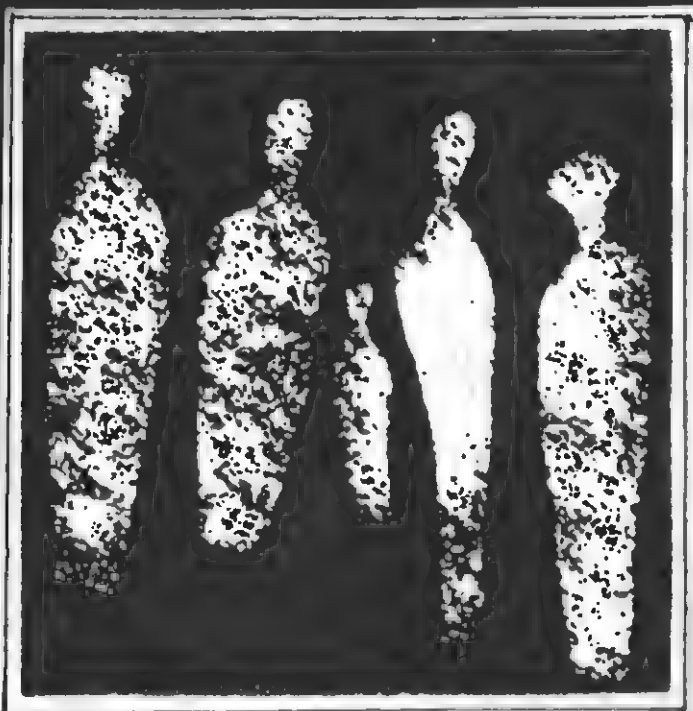
jb: I think all of us are obsessed with a lot of things, so that should answer part one. Drugs I think are really damaging the whole country but I don't know what the answer to the drug problem is

hw: Do you take any sort of stance on animal rights and vegetarianism?

jb: I feel animals are very important to the planet and they have every right to live in peace. They possess a very spiritual energy. I don't claim to be a vegetarian because of it being the trend in the scene, it's something I have grown up with from my family.

hw: Exactly how sick are you of answering those two questions?

jb: I usually don't get asked if we



are straight edge, because it's usually obvious if someone knows us or has seen us play. I'm not going to label myself to anything. If some kids don't want any bands to sound different, to have or to at least attempt to have some originality, then that's fine with me. I guess they won't see us this time. A lot of kids say, "Rumor has it you guys aren't straight edge," and I say, "On the contrary, rumor has it that we ARE straight edge." The band is working is working on its third year ... we haven't gone through some drastic change, it's not as if we used to say something and now we're saying something different, we're just doing our own thing and if you like it, great, if not then that's okay too

hw: What music do you guys listen to (that's a very personal question)?

jb: I don't listen to very much Hardcore; I like a lot of tribal music. Stocks listens to 60s music, Chris listens to pop-punk, and Rodney listens to just about everything.

hw: Do you plan on coming back to Miami any time soon?

jb: We plan to tour again next summer, of '90, and then go to Europe. By that time the 12" will have been out and hopefully some people will come and see us play.

hw: What was the last book you read?

jb: The last book I read was The Therapeutic Value of Music by Manly P. Hall. Emphasis on

EA

DS

spirituality and sound.

hw: Would you say you sound very much like any other band? Are you offended when people say you do?

jb: It doesn't offend me, but we would like to be respected as a band with their own sound after this record comes out. I can't help sounding like Ian McKay; on the demo I was Kevin Seconds.

How come you guys burn incense when you play?

It brings a peaceful feeling, which is no doubt, by far a stronger means and more powerful energy than any hard standing ego trip attitude. It weakens the ego

How can people get your stuff?

Right now we don't have anything. The 12" WILL NOT be available through mail order. We have shirts off and on. But I do try to answer all my mail, every letter, which sometimes is very difficult. That's why I ask for a stamp when writing to me. The twelve inch should be out before the year is over. Take care,

Jon Bunch

John Bunch
1672 Oakhorne Dr.
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90710

rodney self
raldy
executive
frank h
layout-sha...
art work-richard erdoes

recorded at spot
spring '88

send s.a.s.e. to:
1672 oakhorne dr.
harbor city, ca 90710



B E N E F I T

R E P O R T

On Saturday, August 19, 1989, there was a hardcore show at the Palm Springs North Rec. Center in Miami Lakes. The bands who played, People's Court, Quit, Powerhouse, Believers, FWA, Realease, and Up Front, played revolutionary sets (revolutionary to South Florida, anyway) with a shin-high stage and no bouncers at all. There were no fights, the show made money (rare for HC), and everyone walked away with a good feeling about the whole thing.

The show was a benefit for GSP Productions, Mary and Ray Titus' thing, because they bring down most of the really great shows, but they usually lose money due to low attendance and

All in all, it was a complete success, the exact opposite of the same expensive, boring, rock-star-type shows with bouncers and a 7-foot barrier where people kill themselves and the pit sits empty (except if you count the bigger, not harder, than you attitudes). Yeah, I'm talking about the Cameo, but it doesn't matter because

they're not having HC shows anymore. I just hope someone has the resolve to do something like this again. Soon. -David Font

big money to rent out venues. So Aya Gruber, Scene Queenie (formerly) and Berkeley Resident (recently), decided to have the show and did it, even though you could fill an Olympic-size swimming pool with the sweat and tears she lost getting everything together. All the bands except Release and Up Front (who needed money to

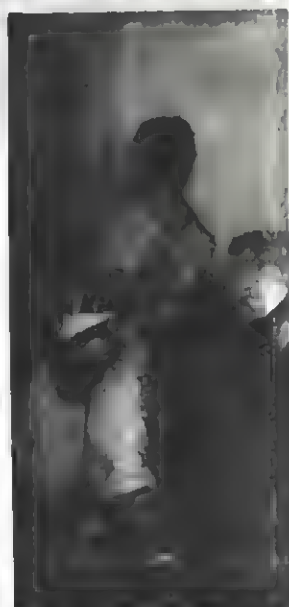
Background: Aya the Organizer
ph Joy Top right Frank Floating
ph Joy Bottom right Ivan from
Powerhouse ph Kathleen



more photos



Background Bob Bouncing ph
Joy. Left to right. Tony from the
Believers; Release; Roger from
Up Front. photos: Kathleen.





MILK AND C



C H E E S E by e. dorkin



FWA

interview

Hardcore pillars of the South Florida scene. Most people into it have seen them at least a few times. This second attempt at an interview was done with Jesse and Ray at my house, and I didn't even have ROOM to print the whole conversation; can't imagine what would've happened if Eric and Evan had been there. Word for word:

Let's start off with a question about the demo: tell me about it.

Jesse: That's a demo we did, Evan, Jimmy Diehl and I, when we went into the studio and did the eight songs. Before that it was me and Evan, but always a different band.

Ray: And before THAT it was him, Evan, and the Weather-All. (Ed. Note. Ray's talking about Ray.)

J: As far as recordings... how many recordings did we do? Eight recordings?

It's weird, every time we do a recording it's different people. It's never the same. We always gotta look for more musicians-

R: Next question...

J: -and it sucks







What about just the latest thing you did?

J: What we have right now is a twelve-song demo tape, real cheap: four bucks. It's cool.

R: Quality?

J: I like it. I like it better than the record, to be honest with you. The record was a real raw deal that we had and the music came out really bad, but oh well.

How come you guys don't have lyric sheets in the records you've been giving out now?

J: We do in some of them, it's just we ran out. All we have is just photocopies.

R: Yeah, if anyone got ripped off without their lyrics sheet, just drop us a line and we'll send one out to you. I feel like I'm on the radio.

How's Ray been working out as the (sort of) new guitarist?

J: Ray's been doing real good. He got most of it down and we're trying to come up with some new stuff and the new stuff sounds really good. I'm happy that Ray can at least be a part with the music because some of the other guitar players we had were either very, very metal influenced or very, very blues-rock influenced. Ray and I are pretty much the only ones that have been into hardcore music for quite a while and really enjoy the energy of the music.

R: It still feels like we're on the radio.

Why?

J: Because it's a bullshit, fuckin fascist way of running it. It's like I'll tell you what to play and what to do, so it's not being very honest. They're commercializing it, just like every other station. As far as equal time goes, it's not really equal time at all, it's just what they want to play and then a little bit of some different styles of music.

(Ray hisses at my cat.)

Do you think it's all just bullshit the way people try to commercialize supposedly underground music? There's "college" Top 40 Charts now, too.

R: College night at Club Nu!

Is it the music they play or how they run the place?

J: Yeah, the music.

R: And the way they run it...

Speaking of radio, what was WVUM like?

J: The first time we were on with Albert Menendez and it was, uh-

R: That guy's a dick!

J: Nah, he's alright. He's a little Cuban guy, real short with a heavy accent.

R: He's a dick...

J: Man, you're a dick. (Laughs) Then the second time was with Graveyard Ralph, he was cool. He

seemed pretty interested in our band as far as playing us pretty continually on his show. I never-I hated WVUM with a passion and I still do.


Why?

J: Because they suck.





Jesse from FWA at the Warehouse



e. Hoodwink Zine No.2.

Do you think you've progressed, not necessarily from member to member, but just with sound and attitude?

J: Well, to be honest with you, Evan and I have been the only ones, you know, trying to keep the band alive. This has pretty much just been a two person project. We'd get musicians, but they wouldn't really help us. We'd have to get the gigs and try to get a place to rehearse and pretty much organize everything.

R: Now it's a more close-knit thing.

How do you think FWA fits in to the hardcore scene, I know it's changed a lot since you started?

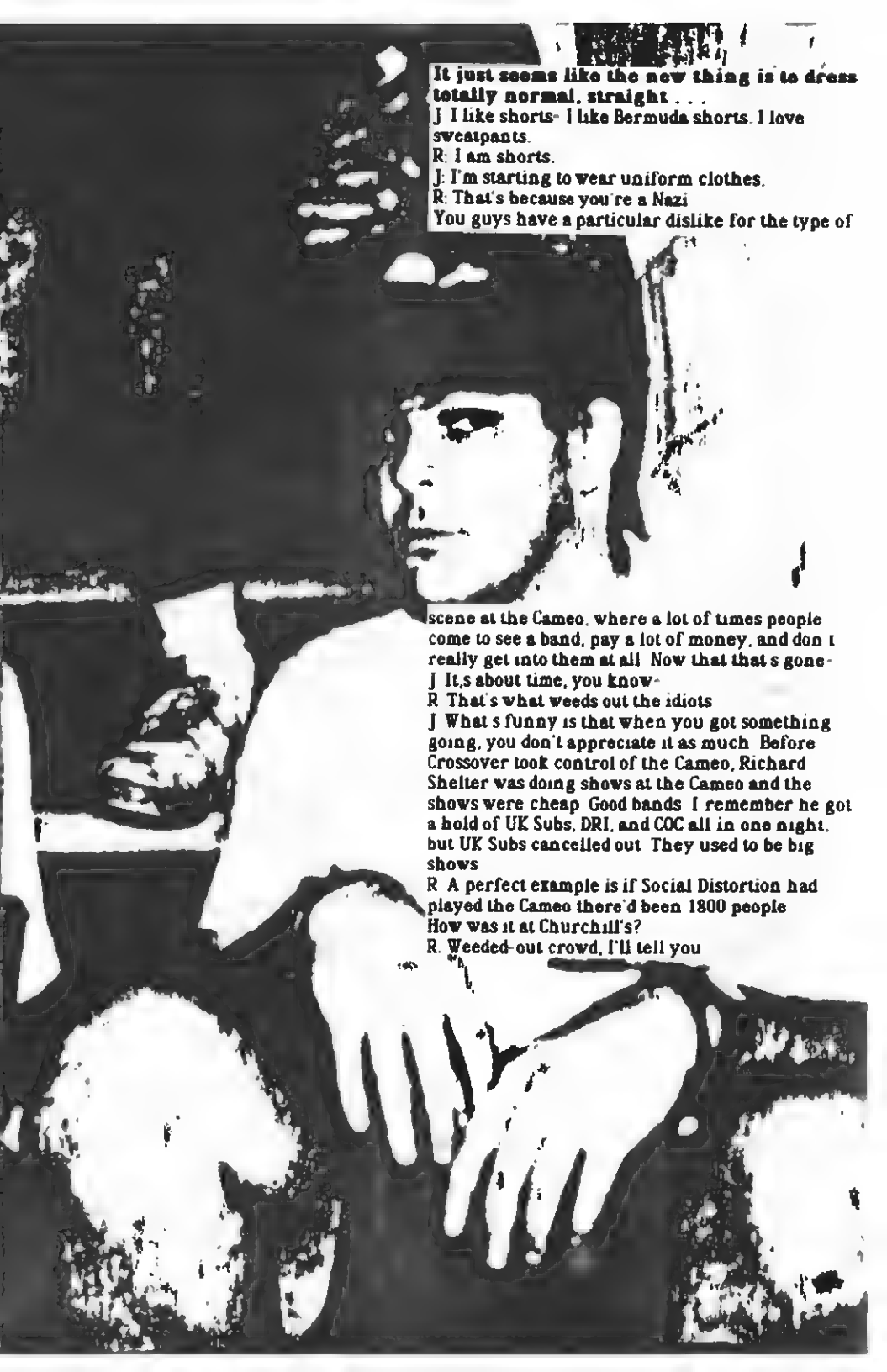
J: I gave up on dressing up and punking out. You know, I figure everyone's too much in a phase, trying to have it be known that they're punk or hardcore or whatever. I just dress like a normal person. I'm a clean cut and shit, just to rebel against the unfashionable, but fashionable, fashion. Does that make sense?

R: Yeah, it seems totally normal. It makes sense.

Well, just musically speaking, has there been progression?

J: Yeah. When we started we were raw; you could tell. After playing days and days, that you practice, it starts paying off as far as how comfortable you feel on stage playing and how much better the music sounds. Cause you improve ... there's nowhere to go but up. After a while you just pick up vibrations from each other. You just feed off of each other.





It just seems like the new thing is to dress totally normal, straight . . .

J: I like shorts- I like Bermuda shorts. I love sweatpants.

R: I am shorts.

J: I'm starting to wear uniform clothes.

R: That's because you're a Nazi

You guys have a particular dislike for the type of

scene at the Cameo, where a lot of times people come to see a band, pay a lot of money, and don't really get into them at all. Now that that's gone-

J: It's about time, you know-

R: That's what weeds out the idiots

J: What's funny is that when you got something going, you don't appreciate it as much. Before Crossover took control of the Cameo, Richard Shelter was doing shows at the Cameo and the shows were cheap. Good bands. I remember he got a hold of UK Subs, DRI, and COC all in one night, but UK Subs cancelled out. They used to be big shows.

R: A perfect example is if Social Distortion had played the Cameo there'd been 1800 people. How was it at Churchill's?

R: Weeded-out crowd, I'll tell you.



The Refrigerator



It was no use. He couldn't sleep. How could anyone sleep on an empty stomach?

Frank slid out of bed and switched on the lamp. He decided that food was what he needed. Lots of food. The diet he was on - or was supposed to be on - could go to hell. As long as he was hungry he wouldn't be able to sleep.

He staggered out of the bedroom, hitting his hip against the frame of the doorway. Soon he'd have to enlarge the doorway. It was either that or stop eating. Wondering how much the renovation would cost, Frank reached the kitchen. He flicked on the lights and watched in awe as his most treasured household appliance appeared before him.

Lo and behold: The Refrigerator.

It was a yellow Frigidaire stocked with enough food to feed a small African country. At least it had been yesterday when he'd arrived from the supermarket. Now it was half-empty.

A food addict, his wife called him. Nonsense. He simply loved food. His body could handle the excess weight. Besides, even if it couldn't, was he going to deny himself his only pleasure? What was life without food? Jenny could have her stupid, petty divorce. What difference did it make as long as he had a refrigerator?

He opened a cabinet and pulled out a plate and glass, both of them clattering loudly as he set them on the table. The house was unusually silent, the only sound being the humming from the refrigerator

behind him. It was almost musical, he thought as he opened its smooth, shiny door.

The light didn't go on. The bulb must have gone out.

He felt somehow cheated, as if the miracle of eating wasn't quite complete without the refrigerator light shedding its cleansing grace upon the food. Nevertheless, Frank was pleased. His eyes began roaming the shelves for the proper delicacies which would be needed for the feast. And as his vision fastened on the chocolate cake, he noticed that the separate obscure bundles of food seemed somehow ominous. The thought was pushed from his mind quickly as he spotted the leftover soup. Chicken noodle soup. Frank simply loved chicken noodle soup.

Frank sat down at the table and sighed, gazing hungrily at the food before him. To his right was a gallon of milk, an empty glass and some utensils. Directly in front of him was the soup, still smoking from the microwave. Behind the soup and to the left was the chocolate cake. There'd been half a cake left, and he'd decided to finish it off. In front of the plate there was an overflowing plate of spaghetti and meatballs. He sat there, staring at the food, imagining how wonderful it would taste in his mouth. This preparation, he admitted to himself, was in fact a form of foreplay. The idea delighted him.

He could hear nothing now, the humming of the refrigerator behind him had been drowned out by

the cold, silver spoon. He picked it up and, breathing heavily, dropped it into the soup. When he brought it out, the spoon was filled with watery yellow fluid, and strands of noodles hung over the edge like vines. He opened his mouth and thrust the spoon inside, drops of steaming soup dripping down onto his pants and shirt and running down his chin.

Delicious.

Frank repeated the action three more times, yellow drops raining on the kitchen floor, and then let the spoon drop into the half-empty bowl. His mouth was burning from the soup; he needed some milk. Grinning in anticipation, he lifted the gallon, twisted off the cap, and emptied its remains into the glass. He dropped the empty gallon onto the kitchen floor, its last drops seeping out and mingling with the spilled soup.

Frank didn't care much for cleanliness.

He lifted the glass of milk to his lips and drank. Strange. The milk tasted thick and sour. It couldn't have gone bad; he'd only bought it yesterday. He peered down at the milk in the glass. The white fluid seemed to be swirling, as if something were moving it. Was his shaky hand causing the motion?

He placed the glass back on the table and looked at it through the side. It hadn't been his hand; the milk was still moving. In some places it looked unusually thick, almost solid. He moved his face closer to the glass and then turned away in disgust. There were slim white creatures swimming around in the glass. He knew what they were. He'd seen them before in ponds. And as he said the creatures' name in his mind, he felt

Oh my God, he thought, spitting wildly at the floor and then staring in revulsion at the tadpole which had fallen from his mouth. It was still alive, swimming around in the puddle of milk, soup and saliva which had formed on the kitchen tile.

Knocking over his chair, he stood up and put his hand over his mouth. He could still feel the sensation of the tadpole under his tongue, squirming, writhing, slithering . . . The fluids in his stomach were jerking slowly upward in short spasms, and as he backed up against the refrigerator, he could taste the acidity in his mouth. He tore his eyes from the puddle and forced the vomit back into the slimy hole from which it came. Reluctantly, the fluids complied.

He stood there - leaning against the refrigerator door, chest heaving frantically, eyes shut tight - for what seemed like hours. Finally, he began to relax. His breathing returned to normal, and slowly, he opened his eyes.

He was determined not to look at the puddle at his feet, and so instead he stared at the light fixtures. Eventually, his gaze began to drop, and he found himself staring at the food on the table.

There was a strange sound coming from one of the plates, and he scanned them slowly, one by one. There was nothing wrong with the soup; nothing wrong with the cake; nothing wrong with the-

"Oh, Lord," he muttered as his stomach heaved and his vision focused on the spaghetti and meatballs. The strands of spaghetti had become shiny, purple worms. They were scrambling over the edge of the plate and out onto the

tablecloth. As they did so, one of the meatballs rolled off the plate and fell to the floor. But it wasn't a meatball. It was an eyeball, and it splattered loudly when it hit the tile. Blood and milky, yellow fluid enlarged the puddle on the floor where the tadpole was still swimming.

This time Frank couldn't take it. He staggered forward and vomited into the soup, where tiny fish and eels were swimming through wavering strands of seaweed. He palmed his hands on the table to support himself and felt something writhe and spurt beneath his left palm. He turned his head to the left, and a bleeding eyeball met his gaze.

"NO MORE!!!" he screamed, edging slowly backwards. There was a foul smell in the air. A smell Frank associated with farm animals.

"IT CAN'T BE!" he cried, beginning to feel light headed. The chocolate cake was melting and then hardening into clumps of excrement. Two or three worms were trying to burrow into the mushy waste.

It was too much. Frank suddenly felt weak and weightless. He could feel a cold draft behind him tugging at his mind, pulling him closer. Goosebumps began to break out on his flesh, and his knees buckled. He toppled backwards and plunged into the dark, waiting mouth of the refrigerator, feeling icy fingers peel the meat from his bones, then his bones being broken and mashed and ground as though he were being chewed, muttering one phrase over and over: no more food . . . no more food . . . no more food.

...

Jennifer came home the next day to collect her things. Before she entered the house, she prepared herself for an argument with Frank, but once inside, she found the house empty. He'd probably gone out in search of a job, she thought. Who would hire a fat pig like that? She chuckled loudly, trying to bring some life to the empty house.

By the time she'd gotten her things together, Jennifer was tired and thirsty. She entered the kitchen, glancing disgustedly at the mess of food on the table and floor. The scene attested to the truth of her earlier thought; Frank was a pig. She opened the refrigerator, poured herself some Coke, and drank it while wondering if Frank was really going to eat all that raw meat he'd bought.





I WANT, I NEED BY C.J. MESA

So you scream out of line:
"I want you, I need you!
Anyone out there?"

-David Bowie

There is a naked young man living in a glass cubicle, down in the caverns. He's lived there ever since the day it was decided he could live nowhere else. That was a few years ago, when he exiled himself from the world of sunshine and smiles and fashion. He went to live with the subterraneans, in their dark seedy underworld, the world of black angels and yellow demons and marble ghosts. But he never fit into that world, for the masked doctors from the surface followed him and trapped him in a sterilized glass cubicle... down in the caverns.

He's surrounded by glass on four sides, and the roof and floor are made of frosty white light. At night, the light goes out, and he is able to watch the subterranean activity on the other side of the glass... the barbed-wire and thorns, the lips and tongues dripping milk and blood, the whips dripping sweat and tears... yellow-skinned faces with black lipstick and mascara and red demon eyes... leather, lace, slits and straps, flesh on flesh...

The world beyond the glass
So far away

He is fair-skinned, with light brown hair cut medium length and parted to one side. He never combs it. His eyes are hazel, his teeth are yellow. He is very skinny, very tall. There is a layer of dark grime on his feet and inner forearms. The doctors tell him he must wash more often, more thoroughly. He nods and goes to sleep, sleeping for days at a time, waking only to relieve

himself and, on very rare occasion to eat

He also wakes to watch the angels dance

The glass is very clean. There are fat greasy men in off-white overalls who come to clean it whenever it's dirtied. The cleaners all look the same. They have bulging, glassy, bloodshot eyes, fleshy chins and jowls and eye pouches that hang like goblets of wax from a burning candlestick, nicotine-stained yellow-brown teeth, greasy mats of curly hair on their arms. They wear off-white caps to cover their bald heads. While cleaning the glass, they stare without seeing and chew loudly on their gums and tongues, like retarded zombies.

He likes the cleaners. They amuse him.

He calls it boredom, but it's actually sadness, depression.

In the early days, when the stinging smell of ammonia and anti-septic still bothered him, the doctors used to give him pen and paper and urge him to write love sonnets. He would look up at the doctors looming over him, white masks covering their noses and mouths, then back down at the pen, the paper. He stared at the blank sheet, it stared back, daring him to try.

And he did, he did try... God knows he tried.

He bowed his head and gritted his teeth and attempted to engrave a poem of love into the paper's white face. Instead came glimpses of leather-winged night and smoky blue light, and a glass prison, and the love of grunting dark flesh on all fours... He dug the point of the pen into his inner wrist and tore a red line down and across and around. He threw himself against the glass walls repeatedly, head first, until his face was a dripping crimson mask. Eventually the doctors stopped him, injecting depressants and anesthesia into his cheeks with hypo needles the size of fencing swords, constraining his movement with thick white straps.

using the crumpled paper he'd written on to stuff in his mouth as a gag.

They sewed up his wrist.

They brought in cleaners to wash off the streaks and smears of red.

They never again gave him paper and pen and asked him to write love sonnets.

It's not madness. It has nothing to do with madness.

The white light of his sterilized hospital environment has gone off. He scuttles over to a wall, presses his face and hands to the glass. His eyes rove with frenzied excitement- left right left right left right- searching for them in the darkness.

And slowly, gradually, they begin to appear. They shuffle around in the caverns, grunting their greetings to each other, not to him. Never to him. They don't see him, don't know him. Behind the glass, it's all so far away.

There are three kinds: the black angels, the yellow demons, and the marble ghosts. The black angels are small, feminine, somehow delicate, sleek and black like female cats. They go naked, flesh like smooth leather, nipples pink. Their hair is long and kinky, deep red or black. They reek of animal lust. For them he feels a repulsive desire.

The yellow demons are the majority. They wear black leather laced with spurs, black lipstick, black eye make-up. Their skin is a pallid yellow, their eyes narrow, bright red, their teeth sharp and white. Needles and thorns sprout from the veins in their arms. They are wicked, male, bisexual, vicious. He fears them, wants to become one of them.

The marble ghosts do nothing. They stand and pose, naked, unisexual, looking perfect and beautiful, like marble sculptures. He is curiously awed by them, impotent before their perfection.

They stroll past him, so far away.

Sometimes the glass cage is suspended in the air, sometimes laid on the floor. Either way, so far away.

He's looking down on them now, far below him. A large crowd has gathered. Suddenly the dissonant screeching of electric violins blares throughout the caverns. He thinks of drills. A primitive, exotic drumming begins. He thinks of chants and robes and the Middle East. There is a smoky blue light coming from behind the stage, silhouetting the dark figures upon it, the figures who make the noise. The light shows him the crowd, shows him that the black angels have begun to dance. He focuses on one before the stage and thinks *so far away, so small, so smooth, her body is like velvet and it moves so sexy, so sensually. To touch her, to feel her thighs with my hands, slide them up into the gaping pink, milky and wet, smooth cool buttocks and back...*

A spotlight shines on the stage, the Black Angel appears. It is their father, their mother, their stud. Naked, unisexual, painted solid black from head to toe, eyeballs and tongue and teeth all black, two rows of raw pink nipples, ragged and chewed, running along its leathery underbelly, speckled with drops of white milk. The black angels in the audience salivate and sway as yellow demons suck the milk from their nipples and puncture them with spiky peni. Marble ghosts pose, like center-folds.

He watches her, so far away. She is alone, unraped by the demons. She holds her hands out to the Black Angel, waves them in the air, beckons to it, body swaying, hips jerking, rubbing against him, soft against his hard, soft velvet breasts pressing against his chest...

... But, no. It is the glass, so cold and clean, wiped clean by the window washers who come now and then wearing white uniforms and caps and who see nothing while chewing their tongues on gums like retarded zombies.

It's all so far away.

He knows he created the glass, he knows he pays the window cleaners. It is he himself who placed himself so far away, taken himself down deep into the wells of solitude, so far down he can't find his way back out. He thinks he may be like God, h-

has created something he can't control, and now it's all so far away and he just doesn't care anymore.

(He says he doesn't care, but he does, and the tears that stream from his eyes and mind and our reflected in the glass, creating a rainbow spectrum of sadness, are a testament to that fact.)

The milk seems so sweet, so deliciously sour, so far away. His stomach churns, his crotch squirms.

He cares, he feels, he yearns . . . yearns to drink the milk from the nipples of the black angel . . . yearns to wear black make-up and cut and mutilate with his thorny erection . . . yearns to bow before and kiss the toes of sculpted marble ghosts . . . yearns to live his life in a dark bed of flesh and blood pleasure and pain

not a sterilized container of emptiness, so far away . . .

So strangely enticing, so curiously dreadful, fear and lust and horror.

The doctors put me here, for my own good. They wear masks and inject my cheeks with drugs that numb my brain, make me see circling green dots, so I can't find the door that's here somewhere, I know it is because I shut it but I was moving too fast and the glimpse was a passing one, gone now, the memory a sad one that brings rainbow tears . . .

He slams his fists against the glass and screams: "Let me out of this prison!"

And he knows he is screaming at himself

t h e e n d



T H R E E

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Source: World Military and Social Expenditures 1986, Ruth Leger Seward, World Frontiers.

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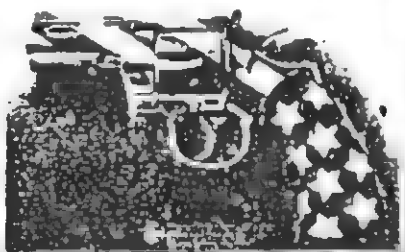
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7 IN SWEDEN
10 IN AUSTRALIA
AND 9,014 IN THE UNITED STATES.

GOD BLESS AMERICA.



The musical on this page was taken from the lyric booklet of Dischord's State of the Union compilation. A part from the great music, the idea behind it is one long overdue. Write to Positive Force (DC) for more info. The address is in the Mailing List.





Portrait of the Editor—

T H E

A thought:

So you think you're a nice person? So you think I'm a "nice person" because of the benevolent thoughts and words that go through my fucking head? The ones I put down on paper, like this one, and let you read them? Try saying that after either one of us is just a little stretched; after four hours of uncomfortable sleep in a strange place; after getting shit on by someone you thought you really cared about (or even someone you didn't); after getting sick; after being hungry; after being embarrassed; after anything that makes you genuinely preoccupied, something will stand out ... That's right, there's no such thing as a nice person. Thing is, it doesn't matter.

You people who fucked with me at the last two shows: YOU KNOW you're wrong, so cut the shit out. That reason you mumbled before your little friend sucker-punched me was just an excuse to fuck with me: YOU KNOW that was a lie. You know your own lies. My friend saw you cheating your way into the show with the stamp-on-hand thing ... Yeah, let's talk about skinhead honor and honesty. That was Mary's show; it was her you were stealing from. You know your own stealing. You're part of nothing but a weak, little gang and you disgrace all the ideals of decency and respectability you're supposed to symbolize by calling yourself a skinhead when you make your excuses to fuck with people like me at shows. Can you fight alone? I don't know- all I've ever seen you do is throw a couple of punches in the pit, before all your friends are on whoever. I don't like being on my guard every time I go to shows, so leave me alone. You know I didn't do anything, I've never even talked to one of you, so leave me alone.

Let's talk about the straight edge:

Straight edge has absolutely nothing to do with being "positive." There is absolutely

nothing wrong with acting the way many straight edge kids think is positive, and many times it actually ends up being something that helps him or her grow as a person, but what is positive? It's been asked before. We know what most of us straight edge kids get from Ray Cappo growling "Positive Outlook": But what does that have to do with straight edge? Minor Threat, the band that truly and most basically defined straight edge had nothing of what is considered positive today. They were friendly, responsible young men with a very optimistic attitudes (compared to the punk rockers they evolved, or maybe mutated, from), but their reasons for being straight edge were not positive. They were rebelling against the stupidity of the people around them, who drank and smoke and fucked each other over for an orgasm on weekends; they weren't trying to be models of fitness or intelligence, they weren't trying to stay pure, they were showing their disgust for some very ugly things.

It's more positive to talk about and deal with things courageously than to ignore them just for the sake of being all smiley and happy. If you want to be straight edge and friendly and "pure" (whatever the hell that is to you) and support the scene and stay true to your friends, that's cool. You're probably a better person for it. But don't mix those things up with straight edge, because they aren't included and what ends up happening is that a kid may be straight edge for a while and fight off all sorts of temptations but because he isn't "positive," he's not "really straight edge." You can't honestly say that, can you? I don't know, maybe some of you can.

There is a word that has been going around hardcore music pretty often lately, and it's starting to really bother me: "generic. Oh, Up Front sucks! They're so generic." So what? If they bore you, fine. They bore me, too, but

W O R D

when you say something is generic you're saying that the thing is exactly the same as something else, an exact reproduction. Hence, Up Front is exactly the same as any other SE hardcore band- that is, as far as you can see. That's clouded vision, because we all know there are differences. Most of the time, the criticism people have when they think hardcore is a big pile of shit is that it all sounds the same and takes absolutely no talent or creativity. What these people and the people who go around, labeling everything "generic," don't understand is that they are not giving criticism, they are just showing how unfamiliar they are with whatever it is they're labeling.

All glam/metal, BonJovi-type shit sounds exactly the same to me and I hate listening to it. I don't like it. It doesn't seem at all worthwhile to me. But I'm starting to think that it's better to have the presence of mind to know the only reason it sounds all the same is that I've never listened to it very much; it has never moved me enough to want to listen to it, but that doesn't mean it's shit. I'm not an authority, and if you don't like it, you're probably not either. See what I mean? You can't know something very well, like Up Front, unless you like them enough to take the time and listen to them a lot.

There are too many bands out there and in here that have suffered by being grouped together with other bands, stereotyped and given no identity in the public eye. It doesn't seem fair, when bands give energy and effort, disciplining themselves, to have someone just dismiss them as generic. "I don't like them," is just as good. Besides, I can make anything seem generic with ridicule and parody (try me), and so can you- so what's the point?

I got a lot of great response for my last The Word column (it was on vegetarianism, exclusively) and I'd just like to thank everyone who gave that response. Whether

you enjoyed it and agreed with it, enjoyed it and just thought about it, or disagreed with it and confronted me about it, thank you. I hope you do the same when you finish this one. Now.

-David Font





Blast at Anthrax,
in Connecticut. —





Drawing by Kathleen Vlodek. Original size 5 1/2 x 8 1/2.



M. J. 9/30

MUSIC REVIEW

There's a reason for almost all of the reviews here being very "positive": I choose the records I like for review, and if someone sends me a record I don't really like (or I think it's significant enough to review anyway), I'll give it to someone who I think will like it. I guarantee a review with an address and price for anything sent to me, and whoever sends me free stuff has a friend for life. It's longer this time.

Madball "Ball of Destruction" EP- Freddie Miret and Agnostic Front doing old AF songs and HC standards. I guess this is cool but nothing special. If Freddie can sing like this at 12, I can't wait 'till he gets older. On In-Effect Records. KBN

Vision "In The Blink Of An Eye" LP- Vision is God. This LP is God. Both 7's were God. The Production on this is beyond God. The vocals are God. The music is God. The lyrics are God. Nemesis is God. Got the point. On Nemesis Records. \$8.00 to 701 Meadow Road Bridgewater, NJ 08807. KBN

Jim Skala Bim "Tuba City" LP- Fast, new-sounding, and occasionally powerful ska sounds from Boston, MA. The organ on this record seems to keep the ska beat (as opposed to be usual guitar, "oom-chank" sound) and it took little getting used to, but that HORN!!! It's like wrenching of housewives: it gives the band a lot of uniqueness, and so does their having two fingers, one male and one female. This is very cool and pretty unique within the, apparently, pretty limited sound-genre of ska. Highly recommended. About \$7 or \$8 at Y&T. DOF

Sick Of It All "Blood, Sweat, and No Tears" LP- Hard fucking energy!!! This is one intense LP. If you haven't heard it you might as well throw yourself off a 26-story building. Or maybe just buy it. With an incredible sound like this you wouldn't expect the lyrics to live up to the music, but try again... Most of the lyrics are approached in a "negative" way, but (like I said) this is an insane LP. Get it or miss out. \$8.50 at Y&T. CAC

The Velvet Underground "The Velvet Underground and Nice" LP- (1967) First classic LP alternates between ballads and rock songs with heavy 50's/60's rock n' roll influences ("I'll Be Your Mirror," "I'm Waiting For The Man"), and disturbing experimental masterpieces ("Heroin," "The Black Angel's Death Song"). The lyrics, sung by Nico in her chanting monotone and Lou Reed (respectively) are almost uniformly dark, sinister and bizarre, exposing the seedy 60's New York underground. Musically: drums are a simple and exotic pounding with just enough rhythm; two guitars, one keeps rhythm and melody, the other squeals and squalls; not too much bass, but an electric viola screeching dissonant hell like drills in your brain. 11 songs. Around \$6 or \$7 at Y&T. Buy it. CJM (There's a rotting phallus on the cover.)

Second Thought "Second Thought" Demo- This is bad. As unoriginal as you can get. Boring, insincere and just plain terrible. Good musicianship, but vocals are kind of annoying. There is room for improvement, but I doubt that they'll improve. For info, write Rick Perna 43 Kenmore Rd. Edison, NJ 08817. KBN

Payback "Just Be Yourself" EP- Payback is one band that doesn't remind me of anyone else. They have a powerful sound- It's the best thing I've heard lately. Unlike some other bands, none of their songs are too repetitive or trite. Especially strong are "Direction" and "Keep To Yourself." These guys absolutely rip. \$3.50 to Colgate Univ. Box M4030 Hamilton, NY 13346. CDP

Hardstance "Face Reality" EP- Straight-Edge with a very metal influenced sound. The vocals are distinctively H.C. though. Production is first class. Awesome packaging. Seven songs of sheer greatness. Get this, it's unbelievably great! On Workshed Records. \$3.50 to 20308 Magnolia Street Huntington Beach, CA 92646. KBN

Return Release one of only three tapes given to me free for review... Six songs, about fifteen minutes worth, of what these guys call "Miami Style." I was surprised at the excellent production from Natural Sound (nice job, Tom), the guitar sound reminds me of the Believers demo a lot. Every time I see RR live they improve enough to seem like a new band, so I can't wait until this Saturday's show at the Haven Center. Also, it comes with a lyric sheet and sticker. "Hard To Figure" is too much better than the rest of the songs. A better balance in songwriting quality would be nice. Worth the money \$3 to 9417 SW 76 St. Miami, FL 33173. DOF

Release "The Pain Inside" EP- This is okay. Pretty basic straight-edge stuff. Five songs and an alright intro. What makes this are the vocals which have urgency and sincerity. Rob Release makes you feel that he means and feels what he is saying. Good packaging but something is missing and I'm not sure what. Make an effort, get this (unless it involves somethin' dangerous). Remember, no 7" is worth hurdling - alligator pits or wrestling bears for. On Action Packed. \$3.50 to 6810 Glenbrook Rd Bethesda, MD 20814. KBN

Gorilla Biscuits "Start Today" LP- In case you haven't guessed or if you don't already know, GB's LP is one hot tamale. High quality, clear recording with nifty harmonicas, trumpets, whistles and all the songs are just plain great. CIV NATION FOREVER !!!!! Hi Aya! \$8.00 at Y&T (more reliable) or to Revelation. ARP

The Toasters "Thrill Me Up" LP- Well, as unfamiliar as I am with ska, this music seems pretty good to me. It takes some getting used to but I like it because it's so upbeat. I especially like the song "Johnny Go Ska." If you're looking for ska, and you know what you're in for, then The Toasters are your best bet. \$8.50 at Y&T. CDP

Slipknot "Slipknot" EP- This is Revelation's newest 7", and the ad I saw that read "INTENSE HARDCORE" under their picture was pretty accurate. Slipknot has a raw sound that reminds of "United Blood" by AF, even though the music is more like "Liberty & Justice For..." but they don't sound that much like AF. Really. Most of the rawness comes from the singers intense (haven't we heard that somewhere else?) voice and the Chain of Strength-type low drums. You'll probably like this if you're into more unpolished HC. I'll leave it at that. \$3.50 to Revelation P.O. Box 1434 New Haven, CT 06506-1434. DOF

White Heat LP (1967) 2nd LP (also a classic) concentrates on the experimental style found in some of the first LP's songs... except these are much more aggressive. Pieces like "The Gift" and "Lady Godiva's Operation" are dark humor stories set to noise-rock. Other songs are just rock n' roll with plenty of feedback and dischord (lyrics being secondary). The real one to watch for, though, is "Sister Ray," an eighteen-minute free-for-all of dissonance, feedback, fuzzy rock n' roll, and all other sorts of musically nihilistic destruction and turmoil, during which Mr. Reec describes a wild, weird art-world party starring transvestite, a ding-dong sucker, a heroin addict and a murdered sailor. 6 songs, not for the musically conservative, nor the highly moral. Around \$5 or \$6 at Y&T. CJM

Surrogate Brains "Surrogate Brains" EP- This 7" is pretty disappointing for a Lookout release, especially after Operation Ivy and Crimpshrine (though not really the Yeastie Girlz for some reason). Berkeley flavor but with a drab hardcore aftertaste. Their songs bring up honesty, racism, and other everyday happenings. Even though this EP has its lows, there are a couple of really good songs like "America The Machine." \$3.00 to P.O. Box 1000 Laytonville, CA 95454. CAC

Fugazi "Margin Walker" EP- Most people say that this new offering is not as good as the first EP, but that's not really true. Even though it's shorter and it doesn't start with the obvious innovation of "Waiting Room," the more you listen to this, the more you begin to realize that all of the songs are fantastically done and that this whole record is masterful. When I listen to this, I always end up thinking this is one of the best bands around and obviously an extraordinary bringing together of musicians. Definitely required listening, if not purchasing. \$6 from Dischord 3819 Beecher St. NW Washington, DC 20007. DOF

Sheer Terror "Sheer Terror" LP- The best album ever released!! Vocals are harsh and angry and at times quite melodic. Music is great. NYHC with a metal flavor. Pretty cool packaging. Get this, it's God's gift to music. Not for the overly positive or easily offended. On Starving Missle. (P.S. write to the Sheer Terror fan club c/o Ray Titus or Tony Downs!) \$10 to Mike-Just-Theresa-Giehse-Allee 30/VI 8000 Munchen 83/ West Germany. KBN

MUSIC REVIEW

Red Hot Chili Peppers "Mother's Milk"

P- The Chili Peppers are where it's at in funk and that's it. If you've got their other stuff then his 30 minute long record shouldn't really surprise you, but for those unfortunate, deprived, musically semi-illiterate ones that haven't, this should get you jumping out of your skin. Personally, I think it's their best yet, but here's some argument for it. Great LP, try it. It'sunkier than pineapple-orange-banana juice \$8.50 at Y&T CAC

People's Court "R Tape" - THIS BAND RULES !!!

Eight songs of inspiration. Take heed, EVERYONE! his tape took me about five listenings to get used to the sound of it (definitely not standard or, God forbid, generic in any way), but this is artistic quality, man. I wish someone would let these guys into a really great studio for a really long time... talent all over the place, if you take the time to get used to the technical side of their music. Really though, what stands out the most is the LYRICS. Best words I've ever read on a demo. Don't forget: major live intensity from their singer, Giancarlo. Im serious. They have awesome t-shirts, too. \$3 to 19213 Sun Lake Blvd, Ft. Myers, FL 33549 DOF

NYHC "Where The Wild Things Are"

LP- This is great. It's a better reflection of the NY scene than the Revelation LP. The only criticism is that at times it sounds like the bands are trying to out-hard each other. Featuring Raw Deal, GB, Breakdown, Sheer Terror, Uppercut and others. Good first release for Blackout KBN

Reason To Believe "The Next Door" EP- I

don't know if this even available anymore (forgot to ask in the interview, sorry), but try anyway. If it's not, they'll send you your money back. This band is great, but this isn't a really great example of just HOW great. I saw them live and they have an amazing, clear sound that gave me a neat feeling inside... you know. Better production would've made it a lot more enjoyable. But these are fantastic songs. Look for the LP on the way. It's a surprise to everyone with just the sound it. \$3.50 to 1672 Oakhorne Dr. Harbor City, CA

FWA "Demo 89" tape- You'd think that after two years of not recording, they'd come out with some kind of magnum-opus, triple LP tour de force deal, "progressing" to Classical music and having to break up after it because they sold their souls to Satan for the inspiration and guidance. Well, no; just an over-all improvement on the FWA sound: Jesse's vocal heaviness, big, fast bass-lines; fuzzy guitars; and fast, thrash-type drumming. Oh yeah... nice packaging, too, with lyrics and a couple of action photos. It's long. Get it \$4 to 7451 SW 132 Ave Miami, FL 33188.

Quit "Gettin On Off It" tape- This band dominates !!! Quit's eight song demo, which was given to me free (thanks Andre), goes beyond all reaches of greatness. I can't even put it into words... Best tracks are: "Until He's Gone," "Me 4 Me," "Changes," "El Guado," "Billness," "Could Be Wrong," "Dreams," and "Highness" (get it?) Unavailable but look for vinyl VERY soon. ARP

Bad Trip "Positively Bad" EP-

The music on this is great. The vocals are just as good. This 7" rules. Bad Trip are NY's most underrated band. Lyrics are real personal. Check this out or be destined to suffer forever in your own personal hell \$4.00 to Bad Trip c/o Bell Studios 90-19 31st Ave. East Elmhurst, NY 11369. KBN

Snap of Reality "Stuck Inside" EP-

Very melodic HC, unfortunately, it's a little too "mellow" for most people. I've been curious as to what this band was like for a long time already, and when I went to Y&T last weekend, there was no hesitation. After all, it IS a Florida hardcore band... About the record it kicks in with the title track, which is damn hot. It's my favorite song on the record. On the back cover they say that they used 16 tracks to do this, and it shows in a big way, everything is clear and mixed really well. The singer sounds a lot like Tomas Beefeater to me, but I don't think that's on purpose and it's definitely not bad. I don't know if they're selling this through the mail because there was no address, but you can write to find out or see them at Churchill's on October 14 with Quit and ALL. Write to P.O. Box 221 Brandon, FL 34299-0211 DOF

Grudge "Project Ex" EP-

I like them for their sexy X's and their drug-free bodies. Straight edge rules!!!!!! (11 !'s). Look for new vinyl soon. \$3 well-spent to 9337 Gallatin Road Downey, CA

Bold "Bold" EP- The B-boys new 7" is one choice piece of vinyl. Matt's voice has gained cuteness, soul, and flavor. The new sound is extremely pleasant. I loved it the first time I heard I heard it (the record). \$3.50 to Revelation. ARP

INSANE POINT TURNING POINT LP- Ice Pee's 7" has been out for a few months now, but what the heck. Their first release is one hot potato! It has familiar songs from THE demo and some new tunes as well. Same cool style. \$3.00 to 2310 Kennwynn Dr. Wilmington, DE 19810 ARP

Reviews were done by the following: DOF- David Font, KBN- Kevin Nash, CDP- Carrie Plummer, ARP-Andy Powell, and CAC- Carolyn Conger. The opinions expressed by a reviewer are not necessarily shared by the others.



Ray the Defender at Grove Cinema. ph. unknown.

hood, *hyd*, *n.* [A.Sax. *hód*=D. *hoed*, G. *hut*, a hat; allied to D. *heed*; G. *hüten*, D. *hoeden*, to protect; Skr. *chad*, to cover.] A soft covering for the head worn by females and children; the part of a monk's outer garment with which he covers his head; a cowl; a similar appendage to a cloak or overcoat; an ornamental fold at the back of an academic gown; a covering for a hawk's head or eyes, used in falconry; anything

that resembles a hood in form or use.

—*v.t.* To dress in a hood or cowl; to put a hood on; to cover or hide. **hooded**, *hyd'ed*, *p.* and *a.* —**hoodwink**, *hyd'wingk*, *v.t.* To blind by covering the eyes; to blindfold; to deceive by external appearances.

hoodlum, *hód'lum*, *n.* A rowdy; a rough. (*Colloq.*)

hoodoo, *hó'dō*, *n.* Voodoo. Something which brings misfortune.—

v.t. To bring bad luck. (*Colloq.*)

hooley, *hó'i*, *n.* and *interj.* Nonsense. (*Slang.*)

Huge balls of grateful respectful energy go out to: Carolyn (my best friend in the world), Scoot, Nah, just kidding, SCOTT, Kevin Nash (for the new friendship), Andy and shit, mom (for letting me make the copies), Kathleen True Crew (everything), Kathy and Leslie (?) the new Hoodwink photographers, Carlos (see you in school), Dan, Tom and Diego (for friendship in the name of the Powerhouse Crew, but not necessarily), Mary Titus (see you next issue?) and Tony and Ray (yeah, see you next issue), FWA, Jon Bunch, Chris "Boy, It Must Be Cold Up There" Krupa, Chris Nelson (Air Force officer), Tony Rocha and Gary Turner (assorted reasons), and Scott Reason (for the demo, not your lies about me). Also, thanks to everyone who wrote to me with stamps or kind words.



**DRUGS DON'T JUST
KILL ADDICTS.**

Anyone who thinks the war on drugs isn't a real war, hasn't seen the casualty reports.

mailing list:

Before you go, here's a list of some organizations that put out some very worthwhile printed material and do it for a non-profit cause, all themselves, and are sincere in what they do (at least they seem that way by my standards). I'd encourage anyone to check them out as soon as they can. It's all really worth it. Really. I promise. . .

PETA-(3 or 4 stamps for pamphlets and cards) P.O. Box 42516 Washington, DC 20015-0516.

Animal Rights Foundation of Florida-(get on THEIR mailing list for free) P.O. Box 841154 Pembroke Pines, FL 33084.

A New Direction-c/o Chris Krupa- (\$1.50 for zine) 741 Confederation Dr. Thunder Bay, Ontario CANADA P7E 3N6.

Our Choice-c/o Scott Baldwin- (\$1.50 for zine) 1239 NW 22 Avenue Miami, FL 33125.

Positive Force (DC)-(some stamps, I guess) 3510 N. 8th Street Arlington, VA 22201 (703) 276-9768.

SANE-(also stamps) 71 G. St. SE Washington, DC 20003.

The Adventures of Mongo Boy and Mr. Mallet-(.50 cents for comic) P.O. Box 17863 Denver, CO 80217.

No Answers Zine- c/o Kent McClard (\$2 for zine) P.O. Box 680 Goleta, CA 93116.

Flamer Phlegm Zine-c/o Carrie (.50 cents for zine) 9417 SW 76 St. Miami, FL 33173.

Little Free Press-c/o Earnest Mann (2 stamps for pamphlets) Route #2, Box 136A Cushing, MN 56443.

Eel Gas Toe-c/o Shane Hansen (.50 cents for comics) 2010 N. Bayshore Dr. Miami, FL 33137.

Smirk/Smile/Snarl-(\$1.50 for zine) P.O. Box 3502 Madison, WI 53704.

Tunga Tunga Fanzine-c/o Louanne Voskans (\$2.50 for zine) 3329 Lanefather Cres. Mississauga, Ontario Canada L4Y 3G6.

Musings-c/o Jai Pearson (.75 cents for poetry zine)*301-5250 Hastings St. Burnaby, B.C. CANADA V5E 1R6.

New Subscription Deal: It's exactly what I've been trying to avoid, but this is getting expensive. Hoodwink through the mail is now .50 cents for STAMPS (I will not accept profit for any zine I do). Just keep those orders coming and remember that art, comments, and contributions are greatly appreciated and rare enough to make me sad. Thanks for reading this and remember to write to **HOODWINK 200 SE 15th Rd. Miami, FL 33129.**

Hoodwink Zine
c/o David Font
200 SE 15 Rd. #16-D
Miami, FL 33129

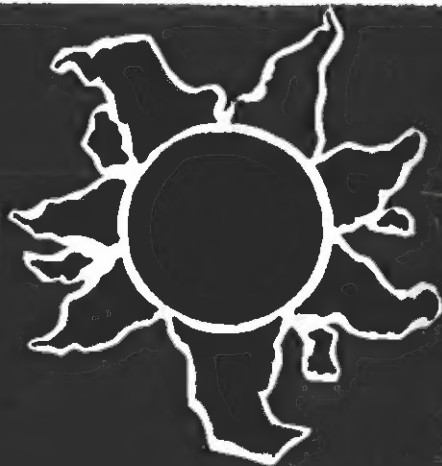


Photo by Carrie.